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Mr. *John Philips,* *Author*

Late of

Splendid Skill

Christ-Church, Oxon.

To which is prefix'd

His L I F E.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M DCCXV.

Price 1 s.

P O E M S

BY

Mr. John Phillips

Lane of

Christ-Church, Oxon.

To the Hon. Secy. of the

His F. F.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCLXV.

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THE
L I F E
AND
CHARACTER
OF
Mr. John Philips.

Written by
Mr. *S E W E L L.*

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *E. Curll*, at the *Dial* and *Bible*,
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MDCCXV.

THE
LIFE
AND
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OF

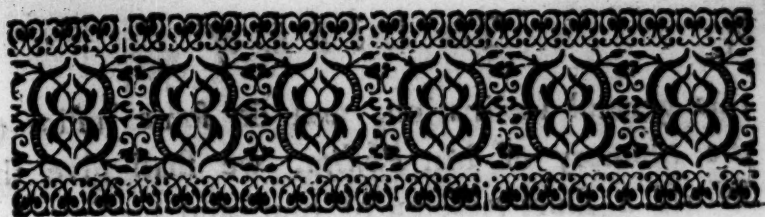


MR. J. E. W. L.

of the British Museum

LONDON

Printed by E. Gifford, at the Press of the
British Museum, in the Strand, London.



THE
L I F E
A N D
C H A R A C T E R
O F
Mr. John Philips.



AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleasure, and reflected upon them with Improvement, we are naturally apt to enquire into his Life, the Manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To satisfy

this general Inclination, and do some Justice to the Memory of Mr. *Philips*, we shall give the World a short Account of him, and his few, but excellent Compositions. Sufficient they were, tho' few, to his Fame, but not to our Wishes.

He was the Son of Dr. *Stephen Philips*, Arch-Deacon of *Salop*, born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*, December the 30th, Anno 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar-Learning, he was sent to *Winchester* School, where he made himself Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and was soon distinguish'd for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies, which he discover'd in the best Classical Authors.

With this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promises of a farther Improvement in all useful Studies, he was remov'd to *Christ Church* in *Oxford*. From his first Entrance into that University, he was very much esteem'd for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Genius. All his University Exercises were receiv'd with Applause; and in that Place, so famous for good Sense, and a true Spirit, he, in a short time,
grew

grew to be superiour to most of his Contemporaries; where, to have been their Equal only, had been a sufficient Praise. There it was, that following the natural Bent of his Genius, beside other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with Mr. *Milton*, whom he studied with Application, and trac'd him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. There was not an Allusion in his * *Poem*, drawn from the Thoughts, or Expressions of *Homer*, or *Virgil*, which he could not immediately refer to; and by that, He perceiv'd what a peculiar Life, and Grace, their Sentiments added to *English* Poetry; how much their Images rais'd its Spirit; and what Weight and Beauty their Words, when translated, gave to its Language. Nor was he less curious in observing the Force and Elegancy of his Mother Tongue, but, by the Example of his Darling *Milton*, search'd backwards into the Works of our old *English* Poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant Expressions, and prove the due Extent, and Compass of the Language. For this purpose, he carefully read over *Chaucer*, *Spenser*; and, afterwards, in his Writings, did not scruple to revive any Words, or

* *Paradise Lost.*

Phrases, which he thought deserv'd it ; with that modest Liberty, which *Horace* allows of, either in the coining of new, or restoring of ancient Expressions. Yet, tho' he was a profess'd Admirer of these Authors, it was not from any View of appearing in publick ; for such was his Modesty, that he was the only Person who did not think himself qualified for it : He read for his own Pleasure ; and Writing was the only thing he declin'd, wherein he was capable of pleasing others. Nor was he so in Love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Usefulness, or his own Genius, excited him to pursue. He was very well vers'd in the whole Compass of Natural Philosophy ; and seem'd, in his Studies, as well as his Writings, to have made *Virgil* his Pattern, and often to have broke out with him, into the following rapturous * Wish ;

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant ; cælique vias & sidera monstrent ;
Defectus Solis varios, Lunaque labores :*

* Georg. lib. 2.

Unde,

*Undè tremor terris ; quâ vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus rupeis, rursusque in se ipsa residant :
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles
Hyberni ; vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*

Mr. Philips was no less passionate an Admirer of Nature ; and, it is probable, that he drew his own Character, in that Description which he gives of a Philosophical and Retir'd Life, at the latter End of the first Book of his CYDER.

---- *He to his Labours hies,
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Humane Race. ----*

And we have good Reason to believe, that much might have been attain'd to, many new Discoveries made, by so diligent an Enquirer, and so faithful a Recorder of Physical Operations. However, tho'
Death

Death prevented our Hopes in that respect, yet the admirable Passages of that Kind, which we find in his Poem on *CYDER*, may convince us of the Niceness of his Observations in Natural Causes: Beside this, he was particularly skill'd in all manner of Antiquities, especially those of his own Country; and Part of this too, he has, with much Art and Beauty, intermix'd with his *Poetry*.

As to his private Character, he was belov'd by all that knew him, and admir'd by those who did not; somewhat reserv'd, and silent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and easy with his Friends: The first was, the Effect of his Modesty; the latter, of his chearful Innocence: The one was, the proper Caution of a Wise Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averse to contentious Disputes; and thought no Time so ill spent, and no Wit so ill us'd, as that which was employ'd in such Debates. Thus he never contributed to the Uneasiness of his Company, but often to their Instruction, always to their Pleasure. As on the one hand, he declin'd all Strokes of *Satyr*; so, on the other, he detested Flattery as much; and, I believe, would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or servile one,

one, at the Expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity, indeed, was his distinguishing Character; and made him as dear to all good Men, as his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Sense, and Letters.

Upon all these Accounts, during his Stay in the University, he was honour'd with the Acquaintance of the best and politest Men in it; many of whom, who now make considerable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no Disgrace to have their Names mention'd, as Mr. *Philips's* Friends. And here we must not omit that particular Friendship which he contracted with Mr. *Edmund Smith*, Author of that incomparable Tragedy of *Phadra* and *Hippolitus*; and who, upon his Decease, celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem; and soon after, follow'd him to the Grave. These two often communicated their Thoughts to each other; and, as their Studies lay the same Way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and Improvement. For, as the Mind takes no greater Pleasure than in a free and unreserv'd Discovery of its own Notions, so it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a sincere Friend. This, we make

no doubt, was as pleasant as any Part of Mr. Philips's Life, who had a Soul capable of relishing all the finest Enjoyments of sublime, vertuous, and elegant Spirits. I am sure, Mr. Smith, in his * Poem, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loss of it ;

Whom shall I find unbias'd in Dispute,

Eager to learn, unwilling to confute ?

To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,

Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes ?

Oh ! in that Heav'nly Youth for ever ends

The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.

It is to be deplored, indeed, that two great Genius's, in whose Power it was to have obliged the World so much, should make so short a Stay in it ; tho' had their Date been longer, we can hardly say, that Time would have added any thing but Number to their Compositions. It was their Happiness to give us all their Pieces perfect in their Kind ; the Accuracy of their Judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest Care and

* To the Memory of Mr. Philips.

Correct-

Correctness. For hasty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, seldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at best Food only for debauch'd and vitiated Palates. These Men thought, and consider'd before they sat down to write ; and after they had written too, being ever the last Persons who were satisfied that they had perform'd well ; and even then, perhaps, more in Compliment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

But it is now time that we lead our Author from his University Friend to some of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an equal Applause and Admiration. The Reason of his coming to Town, was the Persuasion of some Great Persons, who engag'd him to write upon the Battle of *B L E I N - H E I M* ; and, how well their Expectations were answer'd, it will be more proper to mention when we speak of his Works. 'Tis enough at present to observe, that that POEM brought him into Favour and Esteem with *Two of the most eminent Encouragers and Patrons of Letters that have appear'd in our Age: The one, famous for his political Know-

* *Earl of Oxford, and Viscount Bolingbroke.*

ledge and universal Learning; the other, distinguish'd for the different Talents of a refin'd and polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Business, join'd with an exquisite and successful Penetration in Affairs of the highest Concern.

However, tho' he was much respected by these, and other noble Patrons, yet, from the modest Distrust he entertain'd of himself, it was not without some Pain that he enjoy'd their Company; and the Fear of offending, oftentimes made him less studious of Pleasing. Such was the humble Opinion that he conceiv'd of his own good Qualities, that it made them less conspicuous to others; as if he was asham'd that his Vertues were greater; he chose rather to obscure those which he really had, than to place them in that ornamental Light which they deserv'd. I speak this only with respect to his Conversation with his Superiors, who, knowing his true Worth, were more pleas'd with his Endeavours to disguise it, than if he had set it off with all the ostentatious Gaiety that Men of much Wit, but little Humility, and good Breeding, generally affect. As this decent Silence did not prejudice the Great against his Wit, so neither did his unsolicitous Easiness in his Fortune at all hinder the Marks
of

of their Favour and Munificence. True it is, that he never prais'd any one with a fordid View, nor ever sacrific'd his Sincerity to his Interest, having a Soul above ennobling the Vicious; and as he gave his Characters with the Spirit of a *Poet*, he observ'd at the same time the Fidelity of an *Historian*. This, indeed, was a Part which distinguish'd him as much from almost all other Poets, as his Manner of Writing did; he being one of those few who were equally averse to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of the Way for a Panegyrick, or forc'd his Invention to be subservient to his Gratitude; but interwove his Characters so well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them so justly to the Merit of the Persons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a Piece with the *Poem*. If it be reckon'd difficult to praise well; for our Author not to err, in such a Variety, is much more so, and looks like the masterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all sorts of Beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the Metaphor, there is nothing gaudy in his Colours, nothing stiff or affected in his Manner; and all the Linea-

ments are so exact, that an indifferent Eye may, at first View, discover who sat for the Picture.

From this general View of his Writings, I shall now pass on to particular; of which it is to be wish'd, there were a larger, as well as a better, than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an eminent Preacher, who, out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevail'd upon to print but one Sermon, (the best, perhaps, that ever pass'd the Press) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. CRADOCK's WORKS. The same, with much Justice, may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent *Author* has publish'd, and which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse and negligent Writers.

The first of these, was the *Splendid Shilling*; a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his Way of adorning it was, and which, in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, is the *finest* * *Burlesque Poem*

* See the Tatler, Numb. 250.

in the British Language ; nor was it only the finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations ; the Sentiments and Style being in this, both new ; whereas in those, the Jest lies more in Allusions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expression. The same Humour is continued thro' the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that Variety of Circumstances, which his fruitful Invention must suggest to him on such a Subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and some, that none but his inimitable Dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it, we are betray'd into a Pleasure that we could not expect ; tho', at the same time, the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which they provoke.

In her best Light the comick Muse appears,

*When she, with borrow'd Pride, the * Buskin wears.*

* See Mr. Smith's Poem, before-mentioned.

This was the first Piece that made him known to the World ; and, tho' printed from an incorrect Copy, gain'd him an universal Applause ; and (as every thing new in its Kind does) set many Imitators to work ; yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A genuine Edition of it came out some Years after ; for he was not so solicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which, by the Earnest he receiv'd from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

The next of his Poems was that, entituled *BLEINHEIM* ; wherein he shews, that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style as properly on a serious and heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light and ludicrous Nature. We have said before, at whose Request this was wrote ; tho' he would willingly have declin'd that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitement of his Friends prevail'd upon him, to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece, is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Æneid*, (if that be *VIRGIL's*) and that of *SPENCER's Fairy Queen*.

From

*From low and abject Themes the growling Muse
Now mounts Aërial, to sing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of Britain's Hero ; —————*

The Spirit is kept on the same to the End ; the Whole being full of Noble Sentiments, and Majestick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extolls ; and not admitting of any Rival, except * one, on the same Occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of *VIRGIL*, in his Digression upon the Poetical *Elizium*, where the famous ----- *Tu Marcellus eris* ----- is so happily translated and applied, that it shews the Spirit of *VIRGIL* better than all the Labours of his Commentators : There, speaking of the late Marquis of *BLANDFORD*, he says ;

*Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
Shouldst CHURCHILL be !*

* Mr. Addison's Campaign.

The Addresses to his Patrons are very fine and artificial ; the first, just and proper ; and the latter of *Englisk* MEMMIUS, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the Polite Part of Mankind agree, in applying that of the *Roman* ;

----- *Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his *CYDER*, it is one (if not the only) finish'd Poem, of that Length, extant in our Language ; the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the first Book compos'd, at *Oxford* ; the second, for the most part, in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Passion he had, to do some Honour to his Native Country ; and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius and Art to make it complete. It is founded upon the Model of *VIRGIL's Georgicks* ; and comes the nearest of any other, to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Aeneid*. Yet, tho' it is easy to discern who was his Guide in that difficult Way, we may observe, that he comes after rather like a
Pursuer,

Pursuer, than a Follower, not tracing him Step after Step, but choosing those Paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being servile, tho' sometimes very close; at other times, he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleasing, perhaps, than his Masters themselves were to those who first saw that Work. The Conduct and Management are superiour to all other Copyers of that Original; and, even the admir'd *RAPIN* is much below him, both in Design and Success; for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations of his own; and has, in Contradiction to his own Rules of Criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime Style of *VIRGIL*, with the elegant Turns of *OVID* in his *Metamorphosis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr. *COWLEY* succeeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who, besides the same Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from one sort of Verse to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, tho' allow'd to be useful, are yet so numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verse, and sink
it

it from a *Poem* to a Treatise of *Physick*. It is not out of Envy to the Merit of these great Men (and who will ever be such in spite of Envy) that we take Notice of these Mistakes, but only to shew the Judgment of him who follow'd them, in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever Scenes he presents us with, appear delicate and charming; the Philosophical Touches surprize, the Moral instruct, and the Gay Descriptions transport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth; at others, he paints its Surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower Products, and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleasures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a Contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husbandman, the Industry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due Praises of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and Statesmen, to raise and ennoble the Poetry. The Change of Seasons, and their Distinctions, introduc'd by the Rising and Setting of the Stars, the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and

and Tempests, are in their several Places very ornamental, and their Descriptions inferiour only to those of *VIRGIL*.

It would be difficult, as well as useless, to give particular Instances of his Imitations of the last mention'd *Poet*: Men of Taste and Learning will themselves observe them with Pleasure; and it would be to no purpose to quote them to the Illiterate: To the one, it would be a sort of an Affront; to the other, but an insipid Entertainment. *MILTON*, we are inform'd, could repeat the best Part of *HOMER*; and the Person of whom we write, could do the same of *VIRGIL*, and, by continually reading him, fortunately equall'd the Variety of his Numbers. This alone ought to be a sufficient Answer to those who wish this *Poem* had been wrote in *Rhyme*, since then it must have lost half its Beauties; it being impossible, but that the same undistinguishible Tenour of Versification, and Returns of Close, should make it very unharmonious to a judicious and musical Ear. The best Judges of our Nation have given their Opinions against *Rhyme*, even they who us'd it with the greatest

greatest Admiration and Success, could not forbear condemning the Practice. I am not ignorant, to what a Height some modern Writers have carried this Art, and adapted it to express the most sublime *Ideas*; yet this has been in much shorter Poems than the present; and I doubt not, but the same Persons would have rejected it, were they to write upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far enter into the Dispute concerning the Preference of these different Manners of Writing, as to state and answer the Objections on each side. It is true, Mr. DRYDEN thought that MILTON's Choice of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inability to *rhyme* well; and, as good a Reason might easily be given for his own Choice; it being certain, he had the perfect Art and Mystery of one, and could have been but Second in the other.

However, we leave this Question to be decided by those, whose Studies and Designs to excell in Poetry, may oblige them to a more exact Enquiry: For my part, I think it no more a Disreputation to Mr. PHILIPS, that he did not write in *Rhyme*, than it is to VIRGIL, that he has not compos'd *Odes* or *Elegies*. The Bent of our Genius is what

we

we ought to pursue ; and if we answer our Designs in that, it is sufficient. The Criticks would make a Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether *VIRGIL* could not have writ bitter *Satyrs*, or *HORACE* a good *Epick Poem*.

But to return from this Digression to my Design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are receiv'd, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Instruments, shine in Verse : There are hardly any of those, which, in the *Latin* Tongue, are not in themselves beautiful and expressive ; and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet, I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, tho' in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places

ces as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I cannot leave the *CYDER*, without taking Notice, that the two Books are address'd to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say, that they were Mr. *PHILIPS*'s Friends and Favourers, and whose Characters, without the Help of a weaker Hand, will be transmitted to Posterity. Nor must we omit that signal Honour which this Piece receiv'd after his Decease, in being translated into *Italian* by a Nobleman of *FLORENCE*, an Honour which the great * *BOILEAU* was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtain'd, in a Language of much less Delicacy and Politeness. It may be some Pleasure to observe the Turn which † Mr. *SMITH* gives this Passage, in the following Verses :

*See mighty COSMO's Counsellor and Friend,
By Turns on COSMO, and the Bard attend ;*

* *Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.*

† See Mr. Smith's Poem.

*Rich in the Coins and Busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home;
In them he views her Gods, and Domes design'd,
In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL's
mighty Mind:*

*To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.*

All that we have left more of this Poet, is a Latin ODE, inscrib'd to the Honourable HENRY ST. JOHN, Esq; (now Lord BOLINGBROKE) which is certainly a Master-piece: The Style is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay, facetious Humour of HORACE. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our own; and as HORACE was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his Way, as well as that of the admir'd VIRGIL.

C

By

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinc'd that these are all which he finish'd, and it would be an Injury to his Ashes to print any imperfect Sketches which he never design'd for the Publick. It might, perhaps, please some to see the first Essays of a great Genius, but considering how apt we are to impose upon ourselves and others in Matters of that kind, it is unfair to hazard the Reputation of the Writer for the Fancy of the Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some Men have delighted in, of informing the World how young they were when they compos'd some particular Pieces; if they are not good, 'tis no matter at what Age they were wrote; and if they are, it is a great Chance if they proceed, if they do not write beneath themselves.

We have almost as little to say in respect of our Author's farther Designs, only that we are assur'd by his Friends, that he intended to write a *Poem* upon the *Resurrection*, and the *Day of Judgment*,

in

in which, it is probable, he would not only have exceeded all other, but even his own Performances. That Subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in that solemn Style which he makes use of, and by one whose just Notions of Religion, and true Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his Reader without a wild Enthusiasm :

* ---- *Extra flammantia Mania Mundi.*

MILTON has given a few fine Touches upon the same ; but still there remains an inexhaustible Store of Materials to be drawn from the *Prophets*, the *Psalms*, and the other *Inspir'd Writers*, which, in his Poetical Dress, might, without the false Boasting of old Poets, have endur'd to the Day that it describ'd. The meanest Soul, and the lowest Imagination, cannot think of that Time, and the Descriptions we meet with of it in *Holy Writ*, without the greatest Emotion, and the deepest Impression. What then might we not expect from the believing Heart of a good Man, and the regulated Flights and Raptures of an excellent Chri-

* Lucretius, lib. 1.

lian Poet? His † *Friend* seems to be of the same Opinion; and as he was a better Judge of the Scheme which he had laid down, and probably had seen the first Rudiments of his Design, we shall finish this Head with his Verses on that Occasion:

*Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;
How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions show,
'And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance
glow,
'And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl below.
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
'And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.*

Those who have had either any Knowledge of his Person, or Relish of his Compositions, will easily agree in the Judgment here given, as the

† *Mr. Smith in his Poem.*

generality of Men of Sense and Learning, have already done in respect of those which he liv'd to publish. For my part, I never heard but of * one, who took it in his Head to censure his Writings; and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that He has the Honour to stand alone in that Reflexion. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the Fruits of his *later Spring*, † by comparing them with the Crudities of his first. That *Satyr* upon our Author has, with its other Brethren, been dead long since; and, I believe, the World would have quite forgot that ever it had any Being, had not Mr. SMITH taken care to inform us of it in a * Work of a more durable Nature.

However, tho' there is this one unjust Exception to his *Writings*, there is none to his *Life*, which was distinguish'd by a natural Goodness, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an universal Charity, and a steady Adherence to his Princi-

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† *Creation, a Poem.*

* *His Poem to the Memory of Mr. Philips.*

ples. No one observ'd the natural and civil Duties of Life with a stricter Regard, whether those of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society; and he had the Happiness to fill every one of these Parts without even the Suspicion either of Undutifulness, Insincerity, or Disrespect. Thus he continued to the last, not owing his Vertues to the Happiness of his Constitution, but the Frame of his Mind; insomuch that during a long and lingering Sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest Temper, he never betray'd any Discontent or Uneasiness, the Integrity of his Heart still preserving the Cheerfulness of his Spirits. And if his Friends had measur'd their Hopes of his Life only by his Unconcern'dness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all Times prepar'd for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering *Consumption*, attended with an *Asthma*; and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, remov'd to the *Bath*, where, although he had the Assistance of the ablest of the Faculty, (by whom he was generally belov'd) he only got some present Ease; and went from thence, but with small Hopes
of

of a Recovery ; and, upon the Return of his Distempers, he died at Hereford the 15th of February ensuing, Ann. 1708.

He was interr'd in the Cathedral Church of Hereford ; and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,

Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,

Si Tumulum desideras, Templum ad Westmonasteriense,

Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,

Dicat elegans illa & praeclara ;

Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decoras

Inscriptio.

Quàm

*Quàm interim erga Cognatos pins & officiosus;
Testetur hoc saxum*

A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissimâ,

Dilecti Filii Memoria non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

The Monument referr'd to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of *CHAUCER* and *DRAYTON*, and was erected to his Memory by Sir *SIMON HARCOURT*, late Lord Chancellor; an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. *FREIND*, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions.

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,

Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,

Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama

JOHANNIS PHILIPS:

Qui

Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,

Immortale suum Ingenium,

Eruditione multiplici excultum,

Miro animi Candore,

Eximiâ morum simplicitate,

Honestavit.

Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,

Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cœperat,

Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo Musarum Domicilio

Praclaris Emulorum studiis excitatus,

Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,

Carmina sermone Patrio composuit

A Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,

Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,

Versuum quippe Harmoniam

Rhythmum didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, Multififormi

Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,

Non

Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus

Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono

Metiri :

† *Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,*

† *Primoq; pæne Par.*

Res seu Tennes, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres

Ornandas sumserat,

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, & affectus est,

Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,

Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Haic,

'Anso licet à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere

O Poesis Anglicana Pater, atque Conditor CHAUCERE

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undiq; stipantium

Non dedecebit Chorum.

† † These Two Lines were eraz'd by the late Bishop of Rochester, but are now restor'd by Order of his present Lordship.

SIMON

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 35

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,

Viri benè de se, deque Literis meriti

Quoad viveret, Fautor,

Post Obitum piè memor,

Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi

Salop, Filius natus est Bamptonia

in Agro Oxon. Dec. 30. 1676.

Obiit Herefordia, Febr. 15. 1708:

Thus much we thought proper to speak of the
Life and Character of Mr. PHILIPS; fol-
lowing Truth in every Part, and endeavouring
to make both Him, and his Writings, an Ex-
ample

ample to others; or, if that cannot be attain'd
through our own Defect, at least to shew, that
a *Good Poet* and a *Good Man* are not Names al-
ways inconsistent.



FINIS.

The Splendid Shilling.

A N
IMITATION
O F
MILTON.

By Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS.

The Second Correct Edition.

————— Sing, Heav'nly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Henry Clements at the Half-
Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard.
MDCCXV.

The Splendid Shilling.

A N

IMITATION

O F

MILLION.

By Mr. John Phillips.

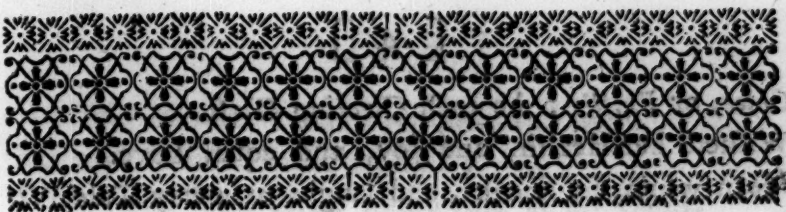
The Second Edition.

Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh, Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-first, Eighty-second, Eighty-third, Eighty-fourth, Eighty-fifth, Eighty-sixth, Eighty-seventh, Eighty-eighth, Eighty-ninth, Ninetieth, Ninety-first, Ninety-second, Ninety-third, Ninety-fourth, Ninety-fifth, Ninety-sixth, Ninety-seventh, Ninety-eighth, Ninety-ninth, One hundredth.



L O

Printed for Henry Clements at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCCLXV.



A N
IMITATION
O F
MILTON.



APPLY the Man, who void of
Cares and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse
retains
A *Splendid Shilling* : He nor
hears with Pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs
for chearful Ale ;

But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To *Juniper's*, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs :
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames,

Chloe, or *Phillis* ; he each Circling Glafs
 Wiseth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
 Mean while, he smoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
 But I, whom griping Penury furrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
 (Wretched Repast !) my meagre Corps sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers ; or from Tube as black
 As Winter-Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet,
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent :
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings
 Full famous in Romantic Tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy Hill, and barren Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arconian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Eclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless Minutes tedious flow,
 With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a *Dunn*,

Horrible

Horrible Monster ! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends ;
 With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
 What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole ; strait my bristling Hairs erect
 Thro' sudden Fear ; a chilly Sweat bedews
 My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic Beard,
 And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saints,
 Disastrous Acts forebode ; in his Right Hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters, and Figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal Eyes ; (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from righteous Men !) Behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
 Erst have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
 Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, strait his Body, to the Touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains

In Durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money, *Pallas* sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious *Ken*
This Gaitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (*Poets* sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermine sworn
An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
Arackne in a Hall, or Kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies : She secret stands
Within her woven Cell ; the Humming Prey,
Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their Arts, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue ;
The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Useless Resistance make : With eager Strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
 Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
 Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree:
 Mean while, I labour with eternal Drought,
 And restless wish, and rave; my parched Throat
 Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
 But if a Slumber haply does invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale:
 In Vain; awake, I find the settled Thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
 Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in decay:
 Afflictions Great! yet Greater still remain:

My

My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
 An horrid Chasim disclose, with Orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crash
 On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
 The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
 Resistless, Overwhelming; Horrors seize
 The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
 (Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves rush in
 Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyfs.



F I N I S.

BLEINHEIM:

A

POEM,

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

Robert Harley, Esq;

By Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS.

The Fourth Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Henry Clements* at the *Half-Moon* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.
MDCCLXV.

BLINNEY M.

P O E M

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

Robert Harley, Esq;

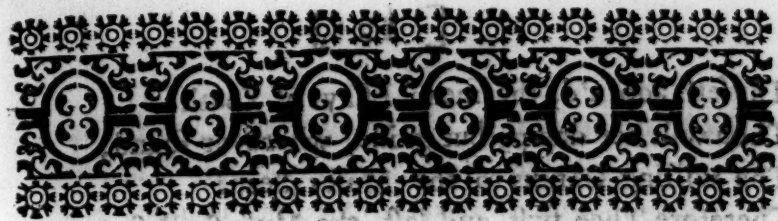
By Mr. John Phillips

THE FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Henry Clements at the Half-
Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard.
MDCCLXXV.



BLEINHEIM:

A POEM.



ROM low and abject Themes
the Grov'ling Muse
Now mounts Aerial, to sing of
Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the
Marrial Acts
Of Britain's Heroe: May the
Verse not sink

Beneath his Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (tho' thy Country's Weal
Depends on Thee, tho' Mighty ANNE requires
Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art

Thy-

Thyself adorn'd, the mean Essays of Youth
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing Genius to the Muses Seat :
 Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd
 Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
 Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,
 As erst *Sesostris*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
 That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't,
 (Base Servitude !) and his dethron'd Compeers
 Last furious ; they in sullen Majesty
 Drew the uneasy Load.) Nor less he aim'd
 At Universal Sway : For *WILLIAM*'s Arm
 Could naught avail, however fam'd in War ;
 Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
 To curb his Pow'r enormous ; like an Oak,
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores :
 So stood he, and Alone ; Alone defy'd
 The *European* Thrones combin'd, and still
 Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,
 But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,
 Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreame
 Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristine Worth
 The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
 Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,

And

And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
 Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length
 Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight
 Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,
 All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
 The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small
 Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wife, and Just,
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
 The Best of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid
 Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure
 The Soldiers Ease; to Regions far remote
 His Care extends, and to the *British* Host
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wish Approach
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,
 With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
 New animated rouse: Not more rejoice
 The miserable Race of Men, that live
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky;
 When first the Sun with New-born Light removes
 The long incumbent Gloom: Gladly to thee
 Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,

Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
 In Military Honour next, altho'
 His deadly Hand shook the *Turkestan* Throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
 Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgie* Coast relies,
 Won from th' encroaching Sea: That Sword Great *ANNE*
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant Side,
 When Thee Sh' enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
 Illustrating the Noble List; Her Hand
 Assures good Omens, and Saint *George's* Worth
 Enkindles like Desire of high Exploits.
 Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
 Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Crest
 Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
 Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion* hope
 From thy Atchievements! yet thou hast surpass
 Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
 Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
 Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain
 Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
 From ransom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
 Jovial his Mare bespoke; O Friend, observe,
 How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come.
 Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies stript
 Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures sacre
 Their

Their Maws with full Repast ! Another, warm'd
 With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd ;
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head
 Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms ! or if This Hand
 Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
 Confounded, and appal'd ! no trivial Price
 Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise
 To lead Him shackl'd, and exposed to Scorn
 Of gath'ring Crowds the Briton's boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts
 And Menaces express ; nor could their Prince
 In Arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious Speech
 Refrain ; Why halt ye thus, ye Britons ! Why
 Decline the War ? Shall a Morals forbid
 Your easie March ? Advance ; we'll bridge a Way,
 Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t' invite
 A furious Lion to his Folds ! that Boast
 He ill abides, Captive in other Plight
 He soon revisits Britanny, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretcht Retinue girt,
 And pompous Pageantry ; O Hapless Fate,
 If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd.

No need such Boasts, or Exprebrations false
 Of Cowardice ; the Military Mound

The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour
 For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
 And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
 Signal of Onset, Resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.
 The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
 Collecting all their Might ; for on th' Event
 Decisive of this bloody Day depends
 The Fate of Kingdoms : With less Vehemence
 The great Competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
 Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
 I old Champion ! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
 Best temper'd Steel, successful prov'd in Field !
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
 Presumptuous comes : Here *CHURCHILL*, not so prompt
 To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
 With *EUGENE*'s *German* Force. Now from each Van
 The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
 Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
 Of Smoak sulphureous ; intermixt with these
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
 Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
 Surprizing Slaughter ; on each side they fly
 By Chains connext, and with destructive Sweep
 Behead whole Troops at once ; the hairy Scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bellrow
Th' en-

Th' ensanguin'd Field ; with latent Mischief stor'd
 Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst
 Disploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel,
 And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.
 A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
 Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout
 With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
 Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted Riders ; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,
 Prevail'd ; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
 Eye clotted ; lifeless Some : With Anguish These
 Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
 Unpity'd, and unheard ; the louder Din
 Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound
 Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
 Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,
 None of Retreat : As when two adverse Winds,
 Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
 Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,
 Levying their Equal Force with utmost Rage ;
 Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd : Till CHURCHILL, viewing where
 The Violence of TALLARD most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm ; with speed.

Precipitant He rode, urging his Way
 O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
 Rowling in Death : Destruction, grim with Blood,
 Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd
 Descrying from afar some Engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd
 By One nice Shot to terminate the War,
 With Aim direct the level'd Bullet flew,
 But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless plough'd her Way
 Beneath his Courser ; round His Sacred Head
 The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
 With dire impetuous Sway deals Fatal Blows
 Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O ! Beware
 Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
 Expose the *British* Safety : Hath not *Jove*
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw ? Reserve
 Thyself for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
 EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,
 Awaits : This Day of all his Honours gain'd
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
 Defends not the sad Hour : Permit not Thou
 So brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
 To bite the Ground unnoted. — Swift, and Fierce
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
 The yielding Wing ; in *Gallic* Blood again
 He dews His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground
 With headless Ranks : (so *Ajax* interpos'd
 His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes*'s Sons
 For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,
 When

When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd him fore
 With tilted Spears :) Unmanly Dread invades
 The *French* astony'd ; straight Their Thirst of Blood
 They quit, and in ignoble Flight confide,
 Unseemly Yelling ; distant Hills return
 The hideous Noise. What can They do ? or, how
 Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword ? or, where
 Find Shelter thus repuls'd ? Behind with Wrath
 Resistless, th' Eager *English* Champions press,
 Chastising tardy Flight ; before them rowls
 His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep,
 Supream of Rivers ; to the frightful Brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,
 New Horror chill'd Their Veins ; devote They saw
 Themselves to wretched Doom ; with Efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by Despair, or Obstinate
 To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
 Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate
 On the firm Land ; the Rest discomfited,
 And pusht by *MARLBOROUGH's* avengeful Hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood :
 Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
 That swell'd the *Erythraan* Wave, when Wall'd
 The unfroze Waters marvelously stood,
 Observant of the Great Command. Upborne
 By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream
 In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore ;
 Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive
 To cut th' outrageous Fluent : In this Distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew

Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates
 Sustain ; vain Love, tho' laudable ! absorb
 By a fierce Eddy, They together found
 The vast Profundity ; their Horses paw
 The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil : Surcharg'd,
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,
 The River flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide ;
 Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
 Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.
 So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire
 To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge
 Of *Paraba, Brasilian* Stream ; Her Tail
 Of vast Extension, from Her watry Den,
 A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
 Insidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
 Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
 Into the River whirls ; th' unweeing Prey
 Entwistled roars, th' Affrighted Flood rebounds.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease
 To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd ; full many felt
 In the moist Element a scorching Death,
 Pierc'd sinking ; shrouded in a dusky Cloud
 The Current flows, with livid missive Flames
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
 Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' swift-footed Son
 Of *Peleus* so his baleful Banks pursu'd
 The straggling *Trojans* : Nor less Eager drove
 Victorious *Cæsar* his desponding Foes
 Into

Into the Deep immense, that many a League
Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd,

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harast Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent; and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Host disparted; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd;
He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,
Exult to see the crowding Ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and drink th' Oblivious Lake,
Not so the New Inhabitants; They roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves
Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance; when lo! They see,
Thro' the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt
O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conquests; One, to Empire Born,
Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unspeakable; Thou, His Associate Dear

Once

Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Shouldst CHURCHILL be! But Heav'n severe cut short
 Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast
 Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant Look
 Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,
 Delighted; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye
 Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
 And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them
 Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantoms fleet,
 With Headlong Haste, and dread a new Pursuit;
 The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme
 Leave, with these Dark Abodes, and re-ascend
 To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
 The Conqu'ror, and sav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
 Hark, how the Cannon, inoffensive Now,
 Gives Signs of Gratulation; struggling Crowds
 From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze
 Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight
 Infatiate; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand
 Each Prince affects to touch respectful. See,
 How *Prussia's* King transported entertains
 His Mighty Guest; to Him the Royal Pledge,
 Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
 The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.

See,

See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares
 His Great Deliverer ; and courts t' accept
 Of Titles, with superior Modesty
 Better refus'd. Mean while, the Haughty King
 Far humbler Thoughts now learns ; Despair, and Fear
 Now first he feels ; his Laurels all at once
 Torne from his Aged Head, in Life's Extream,
 Distract his Soul ; nor can Great Boileau's Harp
 Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul
 With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer :
 Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse
 Torment the Boian Prince ? From Native Soil
 Exil'd by Fate, torne from the dear Embrace
 Of weeping Consort, and depriv'd the Sight
 Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land ;
 Deplorable ! but that his Mind averse
 To Right, and Insincere, would violate
 His plighted Faith : Why did he not accept
 Friendly Composure offer'd ? or well weigh,
 With Whom he must contend ? Encount'ring fierce
 The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
 His Moony Troops, returning bravely smear'd
 With Painim Blood effus'd ; nor did the Gaul
 Not find him once a baleful Foe : But when,
 Of Counsel rash, new Measures he pursues,
 Unhappy Prince ! (no more a Prince) he sees

Too late his Error, forc'd t' implore Relief
 Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute
 Of Hope, unpity'd ! Thou should'st first have thought
 Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid
 Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring Heart,
 Lo ! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default,
 Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,
 Best Men, that warr'd still firmly for their Prince,
 Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd ;
 Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,
 Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation reigns,
 And Emptiness ; dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
 The Widow, and the Orphan strole around
 The Desert wide ; with oft retorted Eye
 They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts
 Of Birds obscene) bewailing loud the Loss
 Of Spouse, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
 Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate
 As Partial, and too Rigorous ; nor find
 Where to retire themselves, or where appease
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd
 To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion* ! from the World disjoin'd
 By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace !
 Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to prize
 Thy Welfare ; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gift,
 Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War,
 Depopulation, void alone of Fear,

And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony
 Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
 Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
 Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;
 From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
 Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
 With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
 And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious whom
 They must obey, in Consternation wait,
 'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
 Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
 On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
 Hath *EUGENE* caus'd! How many Widows curse
 His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
 What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
 Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
 With Olives, when the cruel Battle mows
 The Planters, with their Harvest immature?
 See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
 The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
 In Battailous Array, while *Volga's* Stream
 Sends opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
 Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,
 They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vex'd
 With Civil Broils, while Two elected Kings
 Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
 Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd
 With such sad Privilege, submit obey
 Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,

Not Thralldom, in fit Liberty secure:
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,
 Thou *ANNA* rulest, prudent to promote
 Thy People's Ease at home, nor studious less
 Of *Europe's* Good ; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
 Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
 Sue for Relief ; Thou bid'st Thy *CHURCHILL* go,
 Succour the injur'd Realms, defeat the Hopes
 Of Haughty *LOVRS*, unconfin'd ; He goes
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
 In one Great Day. Again, Thou giv'st in charge
 To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
 Is Thine ; behold ! with winged Speed He rides
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t'assert
 Thy liquid Kingdoms ; at his near Approach
 The *Gallick* Navies, impotent to bear
 His volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
 And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail, Mighty *QUEEN*, reserv'd by Fate, to grace
 The New-born Age ; what Hopes may we conceive
 Of future Years, when to Thy early Reign
Neptune submits his Trident, and Thy Arms
 Already have prevail'd to th'utmost Bound,
Hesperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
 Mountain sublime, that casts a Shade of Length
 Immeasurable, and rules the inland Waves !
 Let Others, with insatiate Thirst of Rule,
 Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties

Of Leagues and Oaths ; this Thy peculiar Praise
 Be still, to study Right, and quell the Force
 Of Kings perfidious ; let them learn from Thee
 That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd,
 Shall with Success be crown'd, where Justice fails.
 Thou, with Thy own Content, not for Thyself,
 Subduest Regions ; Generous to raise
 The suppliant Knee, and cure the Rebel Neck.
 The *German* boasts Thy Conquests, and enjoys
 The great Advantage ; nought to Thee redounds
 But Satisfaction from Thy conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realms secure
 Of Peace Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends
 Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view
Europe embroil'd, Still Thou (for Thou alone
 Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,
 Reciprocally ruinous ; Say, who
 Shall wield the *Hesperian*, who the *Polish* Sword,
 By thy Decree ; the trembling Lands shall hear
 Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise
 Their stubborn Necks, and *CHURCHILL* in his Wrath
 Make Them remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, aw'd to Peace, extol
 Thy Pow'r, and Justice ; Jealousies and Fears,
 And Hate infernal banisht, shall retire
 To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,
 Or *Tartary*, engend'ring Discords fell
 Amongst the Enemies of Truth ; while Arts

Pacifick, and inviolable Love
 Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian Days*
 Returning ! In perpetual Tenor run
 Delectable, and shed your Influence sweet
 On Vertuous *ANNA*'s Head ; ye happy Days,
 By *HER* restor'd, Her just Designs compleat,
 And, mildly on *HER* Shining, bless the World.

Thus from the noisy Crowd exempt, with Ease,
 And Plenty blest, amid the mazy Groves ;
 (Sweet Solitude !) where warbling Birds provoke
 The silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
 Of *SAINT JOHN*, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
 To sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
 Of War, with mean Attempt ; while He intent
 (So *ANNA*'s Will ordains) to expedite
 His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
 To string His charming Shell ; but when return'd
 Consummate Peace shall rear Her chearful Head,
 Then shall His *CHURCHILL* in sublimer Verse
 For ever triumph ; latest Times shall learn
 From such a Chief to Fight, and Bard, to Sing.



F I N I S.

O D E,

A D

Henricum S. John, Armig.



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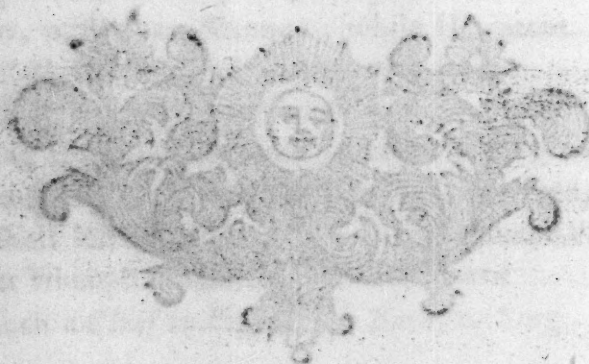
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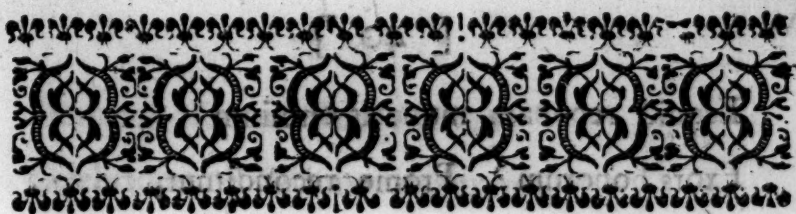


EDITITIA



L. O. V. 15. 11.

Impensis H. Cur. L. MDCCX.



O D E

A D
Henricum S. John, Armig.



QUI recisæ snibus Indreis
Benignus Herbæ, das mihi divi-
tem

Haurire succum, & suaveolentes

Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum

Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,

Dulcem elaborant cui saporem

Hesperii pretiûmque, Soles :

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? Prome reconditum,

Pimplæa, Carmen, desidésque

Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,

Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,

Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates

Explicuit Venusinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu Puerum, truncem

Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas

Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum

Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior

Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum

Jaetet Falernum, sæpe Chia

Munera, lætitiâque testa.

Patronus

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
 Celebriorum; sed nec amantior,
 Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tna munera
 Gratus recorder, Mercurialium
 Princeps. Virorum! & ipse Musa
 Cultor, & usque colende Musis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
 Receptus ægre spiritus, ilia
 Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
 Tussis agens sine more pectus,

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
 Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
 Distillet in venas, Tuxque
 Lenis opem ferat haustus Uvæ.

Hanc

Hanc fumo, parcis & Tibi poculis
 Libo salutem; quin precor, Optima
 Ut usque Conjux sospitetur,
 Perpetuo recreans amore

Te consulentem Militiæ super
 Rebus Togatum. Maeste! Tori decus
 Formosa cui *Francisca* cessit,
 Crine placens, niveoque Collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
 O! O! labellis cui *Venus* infidet!
 Tu forte felix; me *Maria*
 Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
 Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
 Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
 Protinus ex animo Puellas.

Hanc

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutuae
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro ; nec jam Vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.



F I N I S.

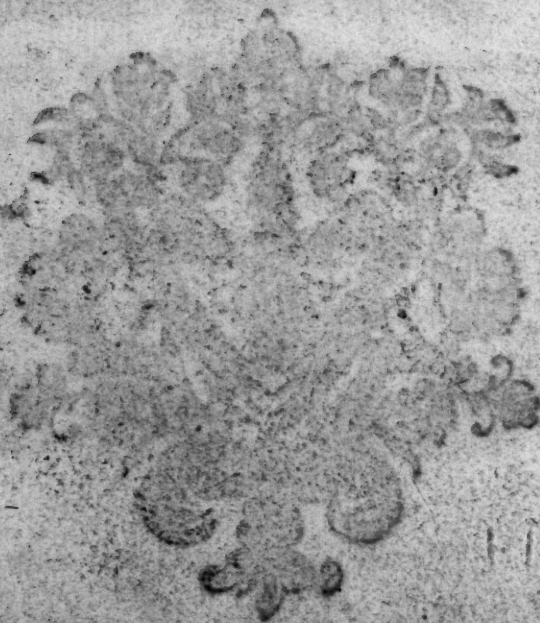
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1840, 11th Nov. 1840

London, 11th Nov. 1840

My dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to inform you that



Yours faithfully,